



# The Walter line



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## Chapter 1 by Suzy

Tuesday 17th of 1800's

It is me again, Emma. Do you recall the oh so lovely gentleman I spoke about in my last entry... Yes well he is coming back, and I am extremely overjoyed. Mother says he is coming to propose to either me or my ever so vile sister younger sister Minnie, oh she is so wretched, yesterday I caught her in my jewelry box stealing my special diamond earrings that father had given me for my 12th birthday! Can you believe it? Well I told Mother and she forced Minnie to give me back my earrings, and then she took Minnie out the back and gave her a hiding, she deserved it that little thief. Oh dear, look at me, rambling on about my brat of a sister when there is clearly more important matters to discuss, Mr William Franklin, is his name, I think I may have already told you that, anyway, like I said, I am looking forward to Mr Franklin's return, he is quite the gentleman, I believe he is going to ask me to marry him and not Minnie. Mother says she is old enough to marry, she is only 17, still a child, unlike me I am 21 and ready to marry a gentleman, anyway I better leave now he is on his way and mother says he is nearly here I must get ready, toodles, your very own Informer,  
Emma Walter.

Wednesday 25th of 1800's

Forgive me for not writing to you for the last week or so, I have been very busy planning my wedding. Yes you heard me. Mr Franklin asked me to marry him, just like I had thought. Minnie

was so very upset, part of me felt bad for her, because I know that that could've been me but the other part of me held in front.

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so now I have to wait a few months to marry him. Yes I believe it will be worth it, and Mother says good thing. Your lucky friend,

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Emma Walter.

Sunday 6th of 1800's

I do believe I have been saying 'I have been very busy' too many times, so instead I will just tell you straight out, I am now Mrs Franklin! No more Miss Walter, but Mrs Franklin. Aren't you happy for me? I certainly am. These last couple of my happy married life, William (which is what I shall call him from now on) has been very kind and gentleman like. How did I get so very lucky? William or Will, has brought me to a big gorgeous mansion that I absolutely adore, It's big and Gorgeous and everything a girl like me could ask for. Oh how I do love it, and William of course. From, Emma Franklin.

Monday 3rd of 1801

It has been a year! I cannot believe it! Almost like I cannot believe I am still writing in this worn out leather journal, Will says journals are for young girls, at first I didn't believe him, but now I am second guessing my choice to carry on writing in here. Ever since Will basically demanded me to stop writing and since I told him no that I shall keep writing, He has become very distant... Maybe I should stop writing in here, maybe it will regain his attention... It is decided, I shall stop. Goodbye, journal I might miss you. Emma.

Wednesday 18th of 1803

I know I said I will stop, but I just HAD to tell you!! It's... Mother and Minnie!! They... They're DEAD!! I-I'm not sure but... I think It has something to do with... Will... Oh no! He is coming, I must not let him see me writing. Goodbye!

Emma

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Monday 23rd of 1803

I'm currently hiding In a closet. It is dark, but i can still see slightly. I was right! It is Will! Will killed them, I heard him and a strange man that came to visit talking, about my family line and... Assassin's and death and.... Me! They said I'm next! Oh my, he is looking for me. I must go dear journal. In case something goes wrong... I will definitely miss you. Goodbye! Love from Emma.

Tuesday 24th of 1803

This is the last time I will ever write in my beloved journal.

I am writing this to anyone who finds my journal in hopes that they will avenge me and my family line, since I am officially the last of the Walter line, Will intends to make me disappear from this world. So before he does that, he has allowed me some time alone to write my last entry. I will hide this book when he comes back in and I will tell him I burnt it in the furnace. So please! Please! Anyone who may or may not find this, please... Make the Franklin line pay.  
Emma.

Over 2000 years later.

She smiled at the passing pedestrians as she crossed the road, looking both ways first of coarse. When she reached the double glass doors, she took a deep breath and pushed them open. She smiled again at the receptionist as she walked up to her, the receptionist however didn't smile back, must be having a bad day, she thought. She cleared her throat before speaking to the very unhappy receptionist "Um, hello. I'm here for the interview" The receptionist looked her up and down before nodding "Yea, sure. Whats your name" The receptionist asked the girl in a very dull voice "Oh" the girl replied "Yes, of coarse. My name is Rosie, Rosie Walter".

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